

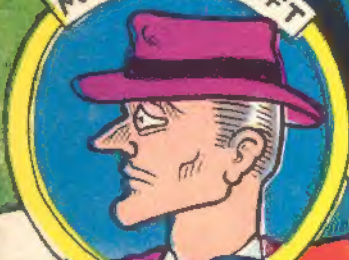
PERVERSE PLEASURES FOR YOUNG AND OLD

CORN FED

COMICS

A TERRIFIC BUY AT
50¢
FUN
BY THE
BUSHEL
FULL!

MILES MICROFT



MADAM FATAL



CANDY KRENSHAW



**ADULTS
ONLY!**

Kim Decker 3/9/72



ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Fowlton Means was born on March 2, 1926 in Baltimore, Md. While still in his teens, Means earned extra money working for the then withering pulp magazine industry.

In 1947 fate stepped in. Means, whose vocational line then was that of used car sales trainee for "Loveland Used Cars" in L.A., was apprehended trying to cross into Mexico with a stolen car and Miss Aimee Lovelace, 17, daughter of Wallace Lovelace, owner of "Loveland Used Cars". Out on bail, Means obtained a forged passport and flew the coop to a small Central American banana republic which must remain nameless.

Since his forced exile, he has worked at a variety of trades, including that of fruit picker, pharmacist, stage magician, author and pimp. It was in the last capacity that Means first encountered artist Deitch.

In 1964 Deitch, then a deck hand in the merchant marine, met Means in the pursuit of illicit female companionship. A fight erupted between them over some allegedly stolen money which Means denies having taken to this very day. However, with the help of several bottles of wine, the curses soon melted into laughter, then tears, and a fast friendship developed between the two. This friendship, in the form of correspondence and ultimately collaboration, has lasted to this day.

Means, the writing end of this comic team, does



Fowlton Means

his work at a shoreside bistro. There, sipping "Four Star" brandy and chain smoking "Ouro de Cuba" escuro cigars, he writes a daily page which is then posted to Deitch in the States. Says Means, "The reason I send in only a page at a time is that keeping Deitch in just as much suspense as the readers gives his work that extra zest which God knows it usually needs."

There is little else to add, except that owing to his checkered past, the name Fowlton Means is, of course, a pseudonym.

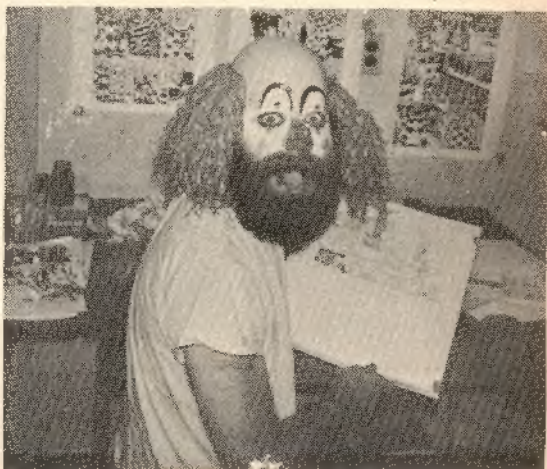
Kim Deitch was born on May 21, 1944 in Los Angeles. He's been in comics about five years.

Although normally quiet and mild mannered, when reading the above data on Means, he became rather excited over the former's alleged rationale for sending only a page at a time.

Says Deitch, "By the time the drunken fart writes a page, it's all he can do to drop it in a mailbox. If I didn't supply him with a self-addressed stamped envelope when I pay him, I'd never receive a page of it." Continues Deitch, "And if I paid him for more than a page at a time, he'd never write a word of it."

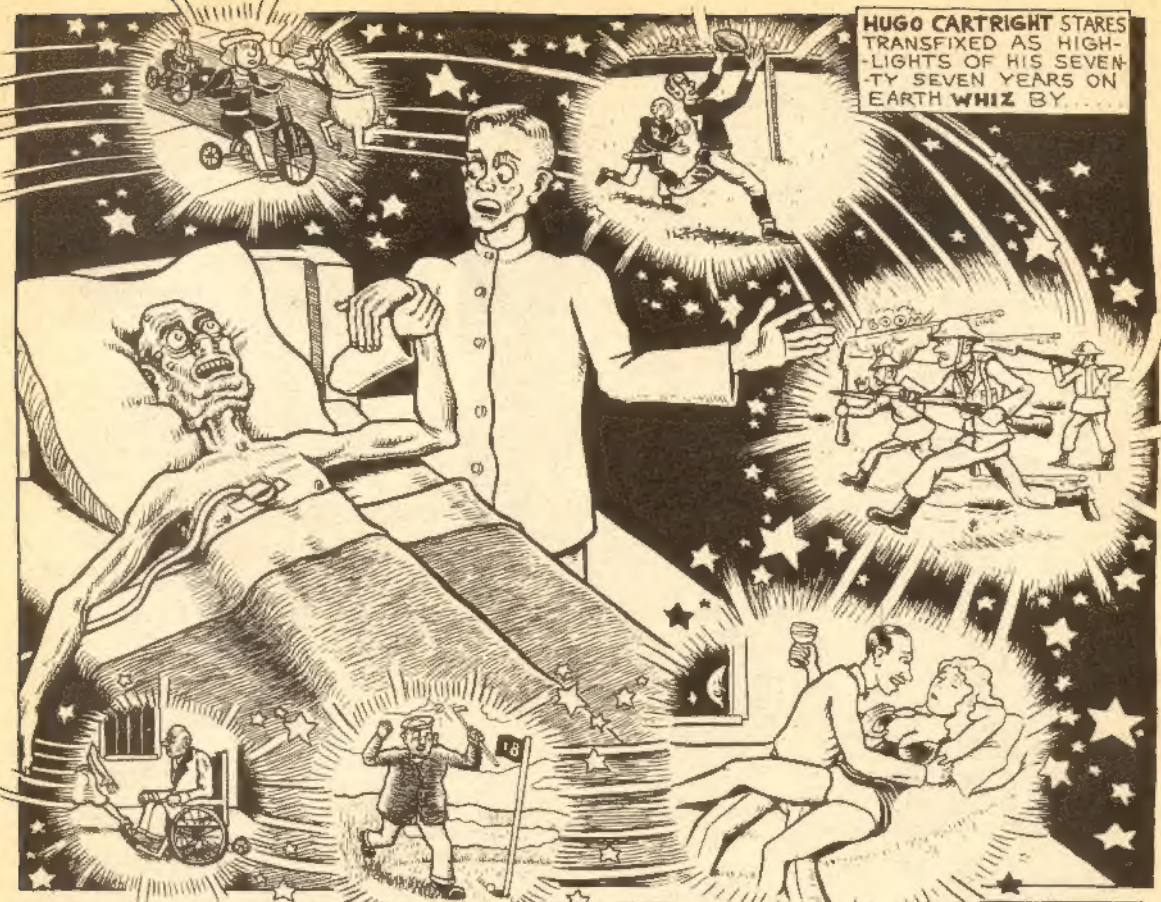
Although Deitch himself is sometimes shocked at the depths of depravity Means' scripts will sink to, he remains philosophical.

"In attempting to produce a great art," says Deitch, "one can hardly afford to be squeamish."



Kim Deitch

HUGO CARTRIGHT STARES TRANSFIXED AS HIGH-LIGHTS OF HIS SEVENTY SEVEN YEARS ON EARTH WHIZ BY



FREEZING ROOM

THEN, SNATCHED BY SCIENCE, A FAINT HEART BEAT AWAY FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH, HE IS QUICK FROZEN!



BUT, MOMENTS AFTER BEING INTERRED IN A REFRIGERATED CAPSULE



I STILL THINK THIS WHOLE THING IS ABSOLUTELY RIDICULOUS!

HE IS ABDUCTED AT GUN POINT

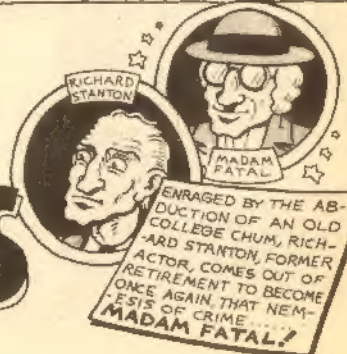


JOIN US NOW AS

MADAM FATAL

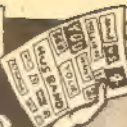
PURSUES THE CRYONIC

KIDNAPPERS



ENRAGED BY THE ABDUCTION OF AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM, RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR, COMES OUT OF RETIREMENT TO BECOME ONCE AGAIN THAT NEMESIS OF CRIME... MADAM FATAL!

RICHARD STANTON
READS OF THE
ABDUCTION



FOUR MILLION?
FOR HUGO? THEY
MUST BE
INSANE!



THAT'S EVEN
MORE THAN HIS
WILL COMES TO!
I WON'T DO IT!

LOOKS LIKE
HUGO'S GETTING
IT FROM ALL SIDES.
I'D BETTER LOOK
INTO THIS



DON'T WORRY MRS.
CARTRIGHT, I KNOW
SOMEONE WHO CAN
HELP US



DISGUISED AS MADAM
FATAL, RICHARD
STANTON TOURS
THE CITY'S SLEAZ-
EZIER SECTIONS



AH HA!
THERE'S
THEIR CAR!

THEY'RE PROBABLY
HOLED UP IN THIS
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE



INSIDE

NOTHING
DOWN HERE.
I'LL JUST
SHIMMY UP
THIS ELEVATOR
SHAFT AND HAVE
A LOOK SEE
UPSTAIRS



UPSTAIRS

GEE BOSS, IT'S
BEEN TWENTY FOUR
HOURS SINCE WE SENT
DAT NOTE AND NO AN-
SWER. I'M GETTIN
WORRIED!

SHUT UP AND
PLAY CARDS!



MADAM FATAL
FLINGS HER
STEEL
RIMMED
HAT WITH
UNCOMMON
EXPERTISE



HERE'S
YOUR
ANSWER!



THANK!



DON'T WORRY
BOSS



ALLRIGHT
SISTER, THE
PARTY'S
OVER!



A DEFT SWING OF HER LEAD
FILLED PURSE, AND A WELL
PLACED KICK, BRING THE
FIGHT TO AN ABRUPT END!



I'LL
HANDLE
THIS!



NOW TO
SEE ABOUT...
OH NO!



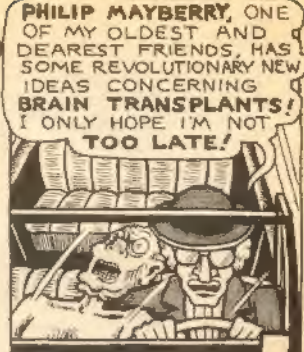
WHY HE'S PRACTICALLY THAWED! YOU FIENDS UN-PLUGGED HIM!
IT WAS NOTHIN' PERSONAL. I HAD TO, TO TURN ON THE TV!



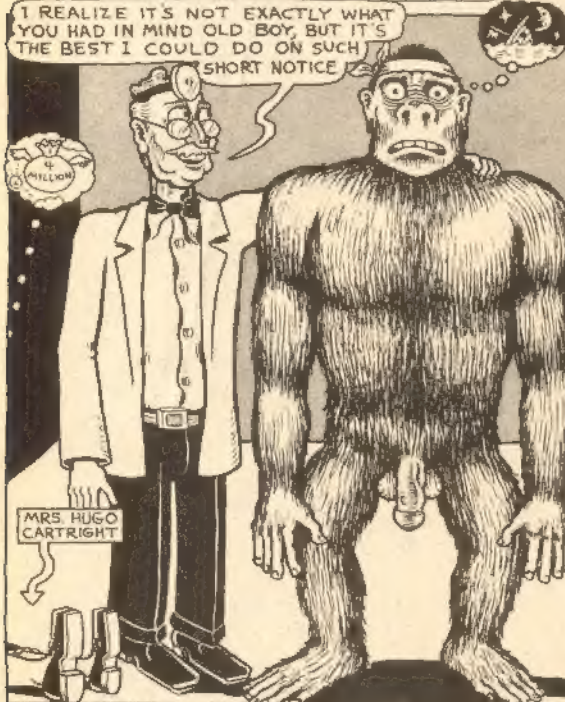
I WAS GONNA PLUG HIM BACK IN RIGHT! AFTER THE BALL GAME HONEST!



WAIT! THERE'S STILL HOPE!



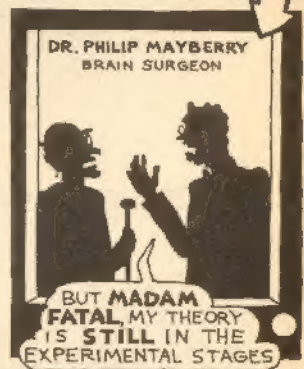
PHILIP MAYBERRY, ONE OF MY OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIENDS, HAS SOME REVOLUTIONARY NEW IDEAS CONCERNING BRAIN TRANSPLANTS! I ONLY HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



I REALIZE IT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND OLD BOY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I COULD DO ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE!
MRS. HUGO CARTRIGHT
\$1 MILLION



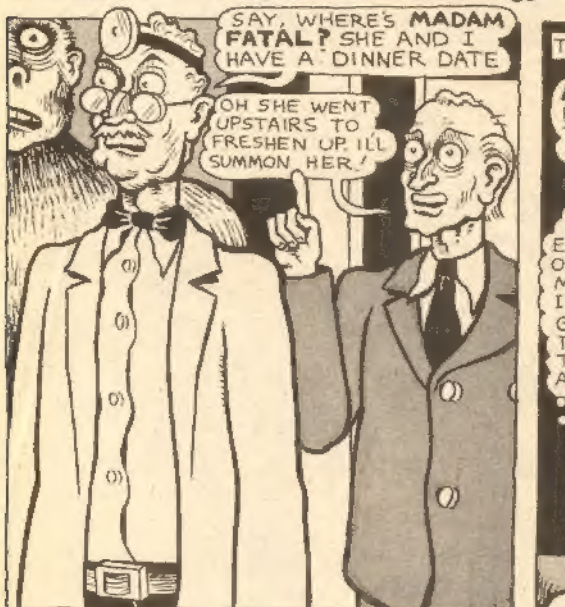
HUGO! YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS!
AND A MILLION FUCKS!



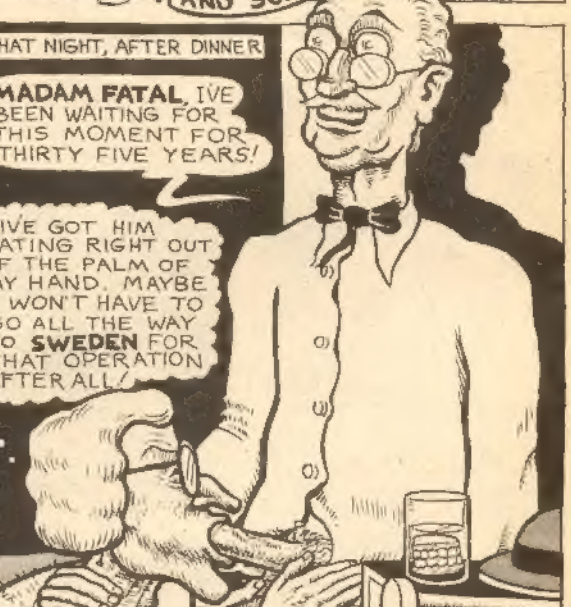
DR. PHILIP MAYBERRY
BRAIN SURGEON
BUT MADAM FATAL MY THEORY IS STILL IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGES



PHILIP PLEASE! DO IT FOR ME!
AND SO...



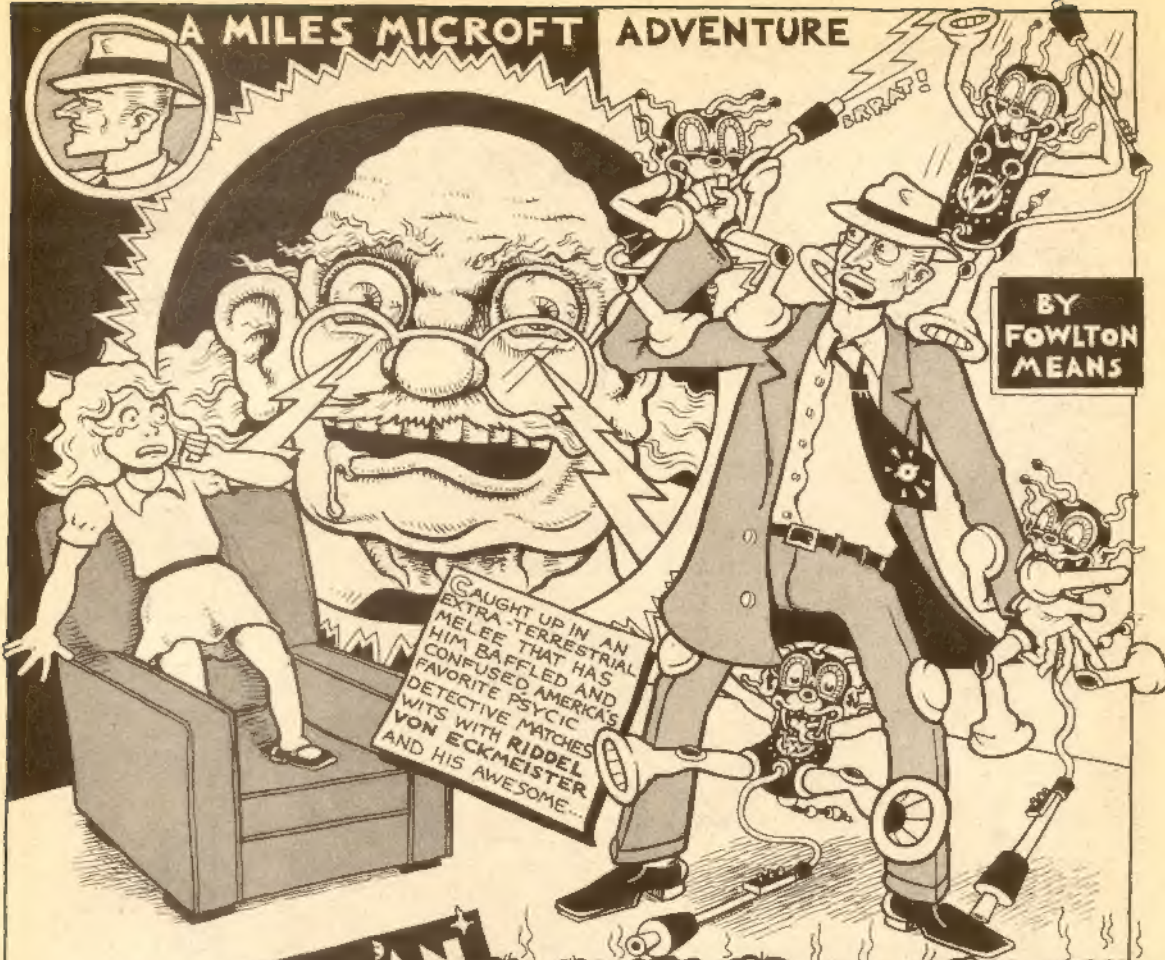
SAY, WHERE'S MADAM FATAL? SHE AND I HAVE A DINNER DATE
OH SHE WENT UPSTAIRS TO FRESHEN UP. I'LL SUMMON HER!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER DINNER
MADAM FATAL, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT FOR THIRTY FIVE YEARS!
I'VE GOT HIM EATING RIGHT OUT OF THE PALM OF MY HAND. MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO GO ALL THE WAY TO SWEDEN FOR THAT OPERATION AFTER ALL!

A MILES MICROFT ADVENTURE

BY
FOWLTON
MEANS



VENUSIAN

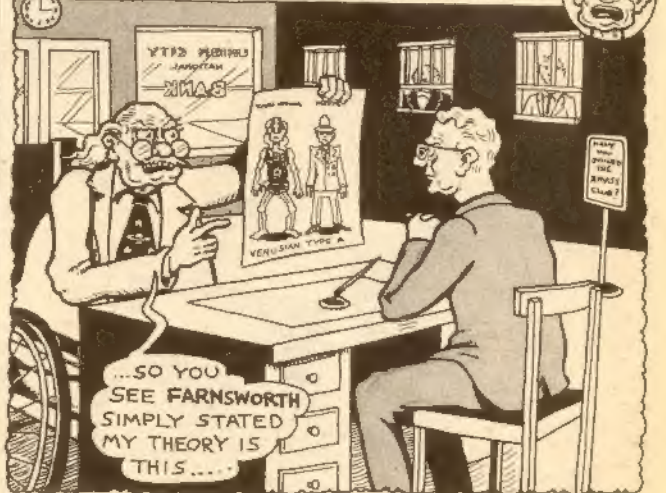
ILLUSTRATED BY K. DEITCH

VEERAMINI

OUR STORY BEGINS AS MILES MICROFT VISITS IAN FARNSWORTH AT THE MELFORD REHABILITATION CENTER.

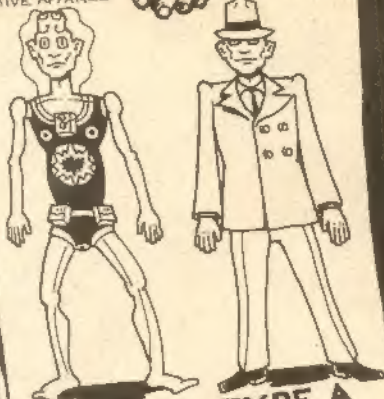


"AS CHIEF LOAN COUNSELOR OF THE UNION CITY NATIONAL BANK, I MET MANY UNUSUAL PEOPLE, BUT NONE SO BIZARRE AS RIDDEL VON ECKMEISTER."



NATIVE APPAREL

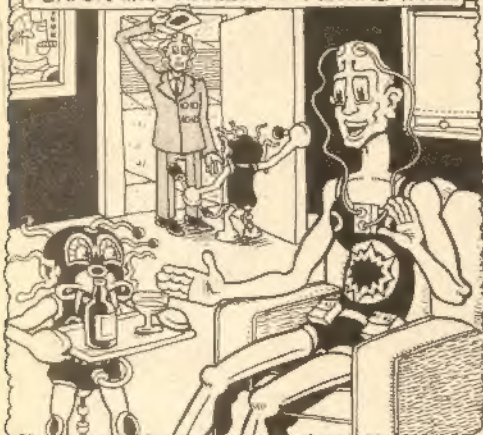
INCOGNITO



VENUSIAN TYPE A

UNKNOWN TO THE POPULATION AT LARGE, THERE ARE AMONG US A RACE OF **VENUSIANS** WHO EXIST ON A HIGHER INTELLECTUAL LEVEL THAN MAN CAN PERCEIVE

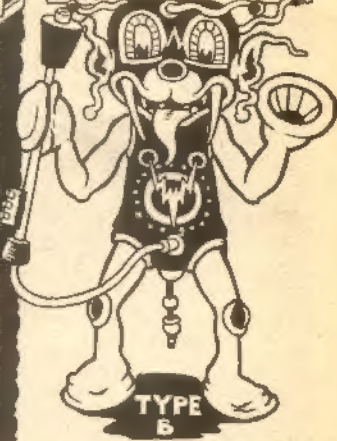
PERFORMING A VARIETY OF MENIAL TASKS



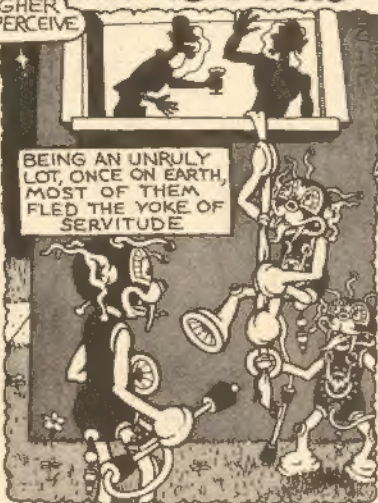
THEY HAVE BEEN HERE SINCE 1488 WHEN AN INITIAL EXPLORATORY EXPEDITION LANDED SOMEWHERE NEAR **TIBET**



THESE BEINGS BROUGHT WITH THEM A LESSER SPECIES THAT ACTED IN THE CAPACITY OF **SERVANTS**



BEING AN UNRULY LOT, ONCE ON EARTH, MOST OF THEM FLED THE YOKE OF SERVITUDE



I HAVE BECOME CONVINCED THAT THESE CREATURES ARE THE CAUSE OF THE SO CALLED **POLTERGEIST** PHENOMENON

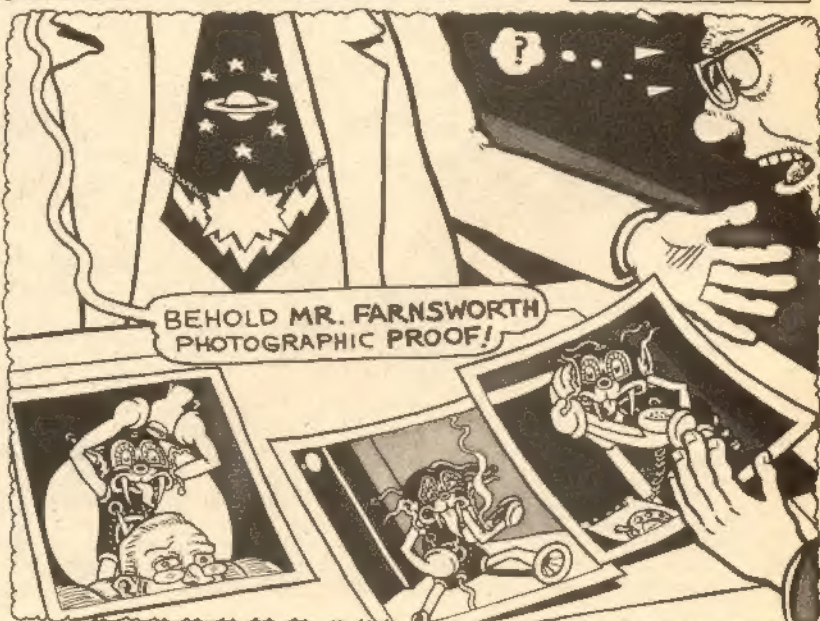


"POLTERGEIST" - "A NOISY MISCHIEVOUS GHOST SUPPOSED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR UNEXPLAINED NOISE AND VANDALISM"

AND MIND YOU WELL MR. FARNSWORTH THIS IS NO IDLE WHIM OF MINE

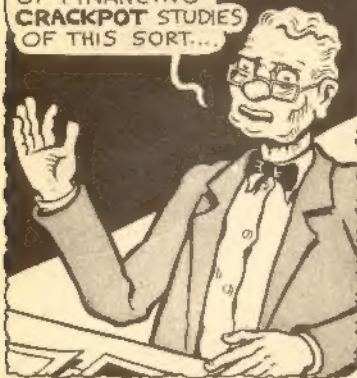


BEHOLD MR. FARNSWORTH PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF!



BEING OF PRACTICAL PERSUASION, I REPLIED.....

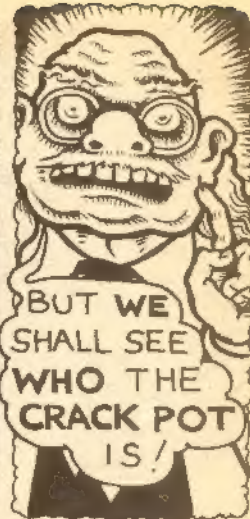
SEE HERE MR. VONECKMEISTER UNION CITY NATIONAL IS NOT IN THE HABIT OF FINANCING CRACKPOT STUDIES OF THIS SORT....



I BEG YOUR PARDON MR. FARNSWORTH, YOU HAVE OF COURSE EVERY RIGHT TO TURN DOWN MY LOAN REQUEST.....



BUT WE SHALL SEE WHO THE CRACK POT IS!



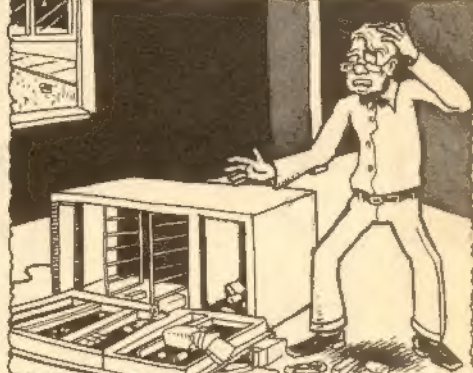
WELL I THOUGHT NO MORE OF IT TILL TWO NIGHTS LATER...



I WAS IN MY STUDY WORKING ON MY STAMP COLLECTION WHEN I HEARD A.....IN THE KITCHEN



SOMEONE OR SOMETHING HAD KNOCKED OVER THE REFRIGERATOR!

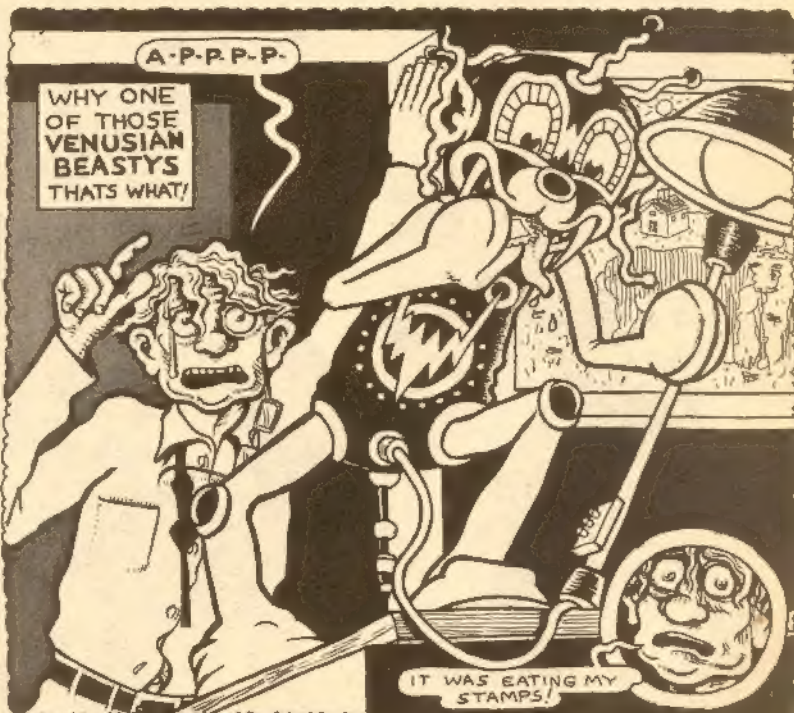


I WAS GOING FOR A MOP WHEN I SAW ONE!



WHY ONE OF THOSE VENUSIAN BEASTYS THATS WHAT!

A-P-P-P-P-



SAW WHAT OLD BOY?

A SECOND LATER IT
SAW ME.....

SKREE!

...AND FIRED,...

BLZAT!

MISSING ME BY
INCHES!

TERROR STRUCK, I
RAN INTO THE NIGHT

WHEN I RETURNED THE NEXT MORN-
ING THE PLACE WAS A SHAMBLES

COMPLETELY UNNERVED, I SOUGHT OUT VON ECKMEISTER

FOURTEEN YEARS
OF PHILATELIC
ENDAVOR, WIPED
OUT!

CALM DOWN
FARNSWORTH,
I AM NOT A
VINDICTIVE
MAN!

I THINK I CAN BE
OF HELP,....IN RETURN
FOR A SMALL UNOFFICAL
LOAN OF SAY THREE
HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS?

BUT I
HAVENT GOT
THAT KIND
OF MONEY!

I KNEW IT WAS INSANE
BUT THE NEXT MORNING,
I "BORROWED" THE MONEY

AND SENT IT TO VON ECKMEISTER



I DIDN'T SEE ANY CREATURES THAT NIGHT, BUT CERTAINLY LOOKED LIKE A GHOST WHEN THE BANK EXAMINER WALKED IN



THE VERY NEXT DAY!

ONCE APPREHENDED, I BROKE DOWN, AND TOLD ALL IMMEDIATELY.



10¢ THE HAMMONDEGG
VON ECKMEISTER LAUGHS AT FARNSWORTH STORY

HOPE FADES FOR FARNSWORTH

VON ECKMEISTER AS HE READ THE FARNSWORTH TESTIMONY TODAY



NOT THAT IT HELPED. VON ECKMEISTER WOULD ADMIT NOTHING WHICH LEFT ME HOLDING THE BAG

VON ECKMEISTER AS HE READ THE FARNSWORTH TESTIMONY TODAY

SINCE I WOULD NOT CHANGE MY STORY, THERE WAS LITTLE ELSE TO DO BUT HAVE ME COMMITTED



AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY I'VE BEEN LOCKED UP HERE EVER SINCE



AND YET I CAN SENSE THAT HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH

OR UTTERLY MAD

BUT WHICH?

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FARNSWORTH

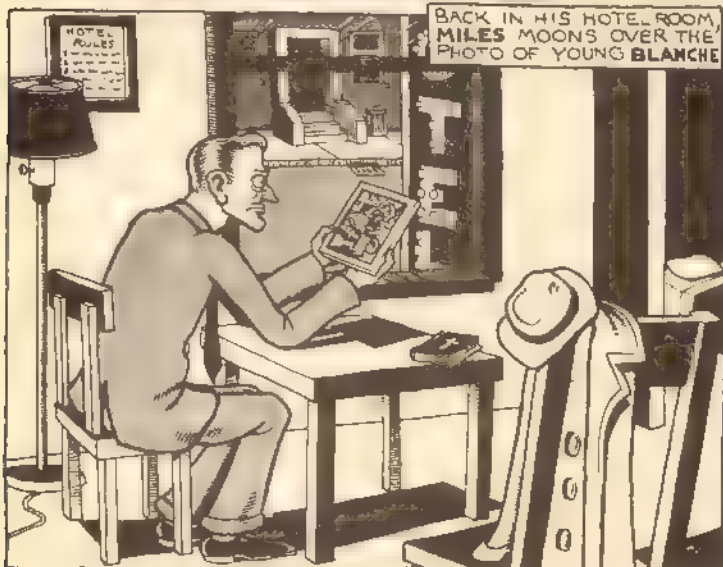
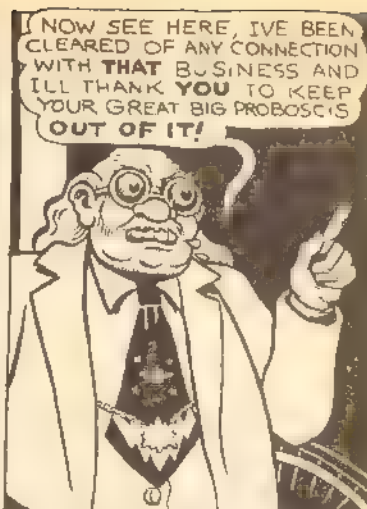


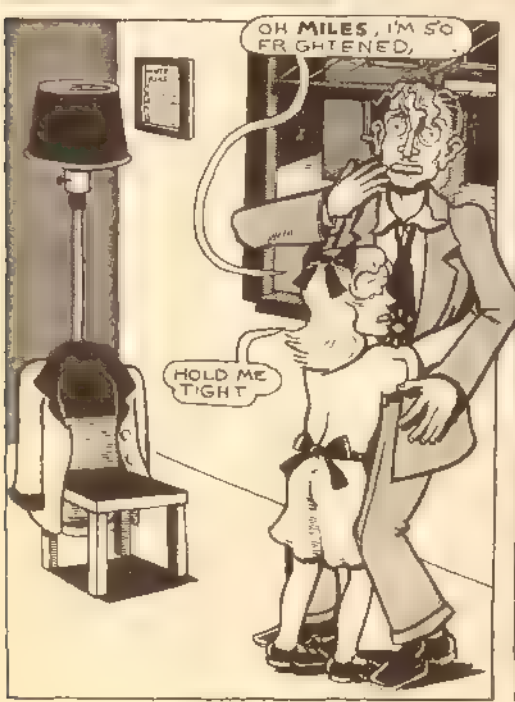
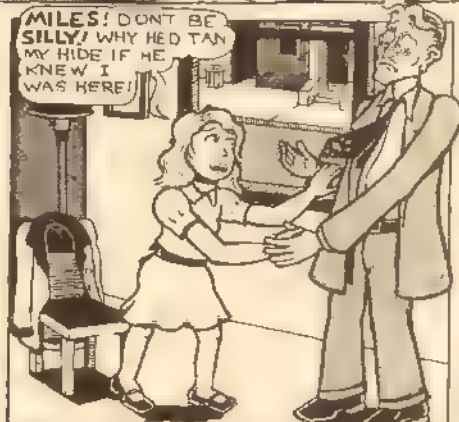
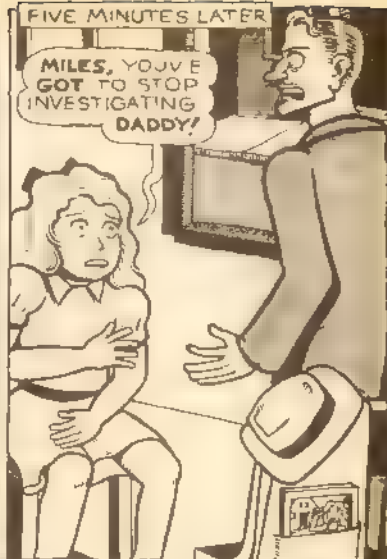
AT 837 WEBSTER COURT THE HOME OF RIDDEL VON ECKMEISTER

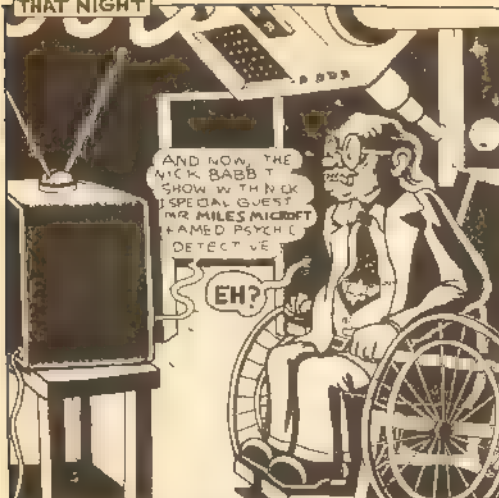
WELL HERE GOES











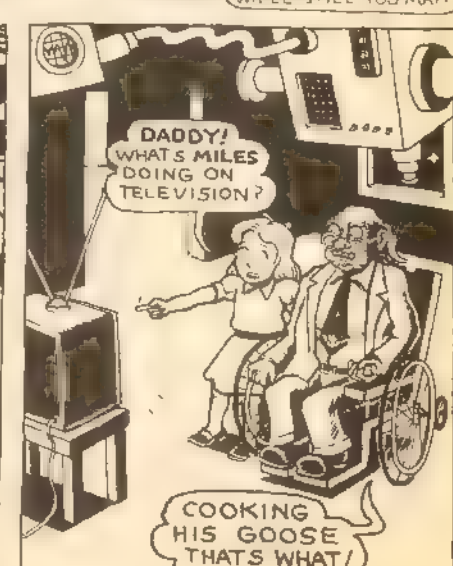
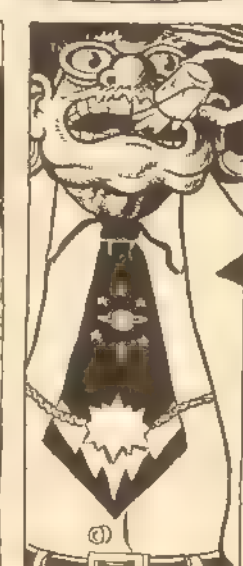
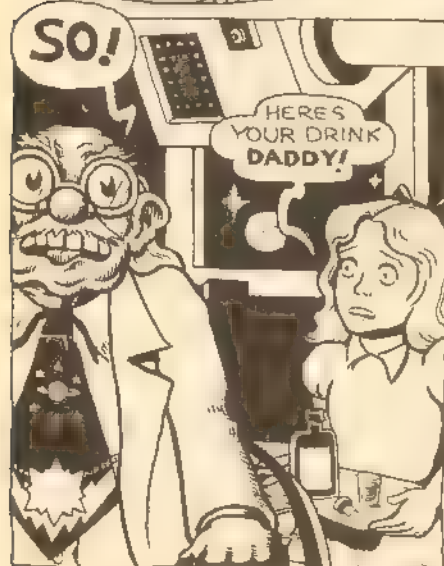
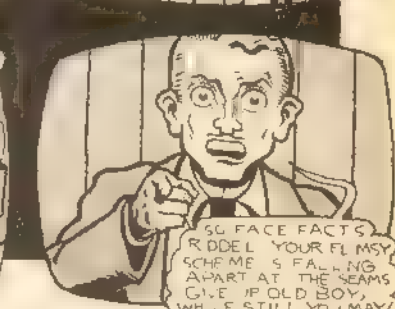
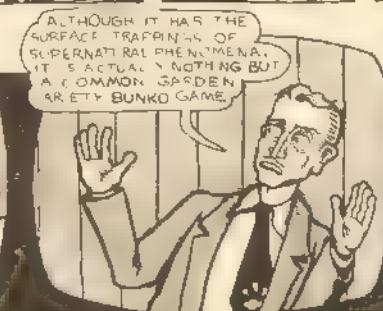
MR. MICROFT, JUST WHAT DOES A PSYCHIC DETECTIVE DO?

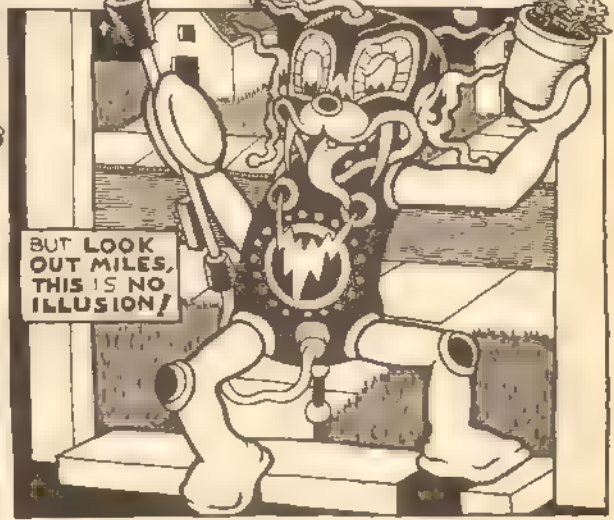
BLANCHE!
BRING ME MY BOURBON!

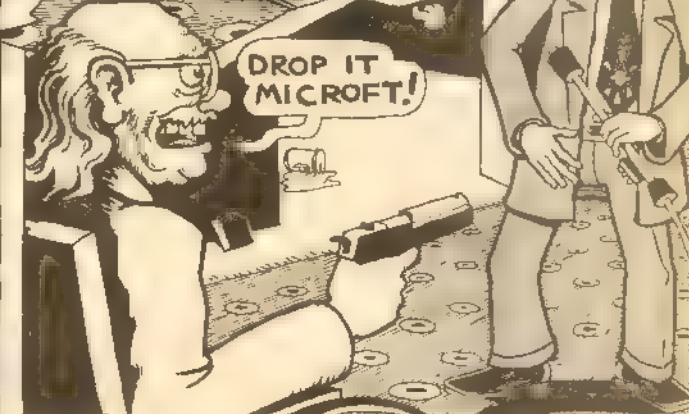
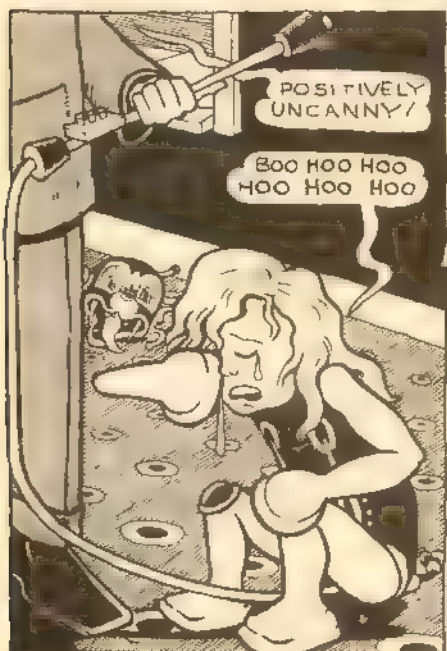
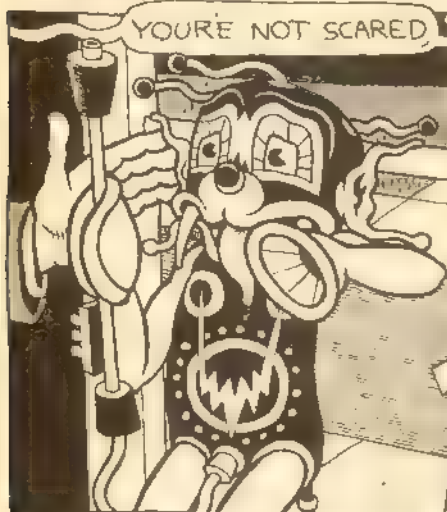


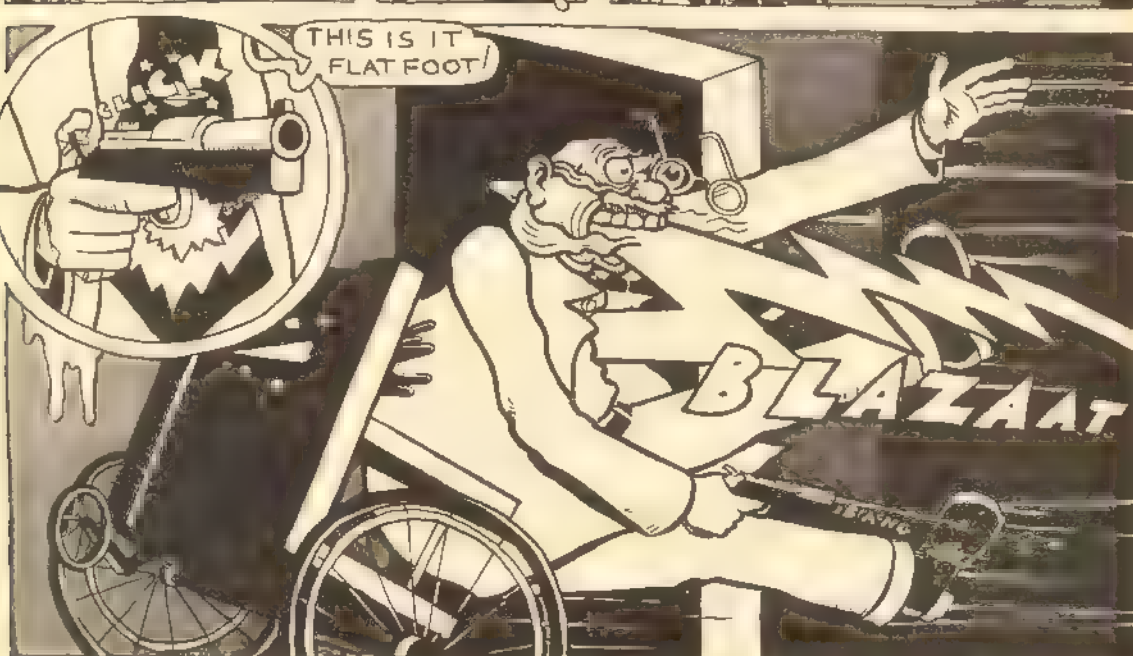
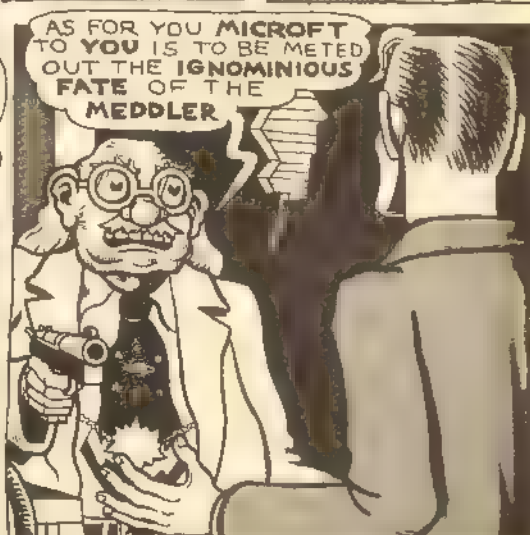
WELL, NICK, I SORT OF TAKE UP WHERE THE CLUES STOP YOU SEE BY MEANS OF VARIOUS EXTRA SENSORY TECHNIQUES WHICH I HAVE DEVELOPED AND REFINED OVER THE YEARS, I AM OFTEN ABLE TO FERRET OUT FACTS THAT ELUDE REGULAR LAW ENFORCEMENT AGEN.

SAY, THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!





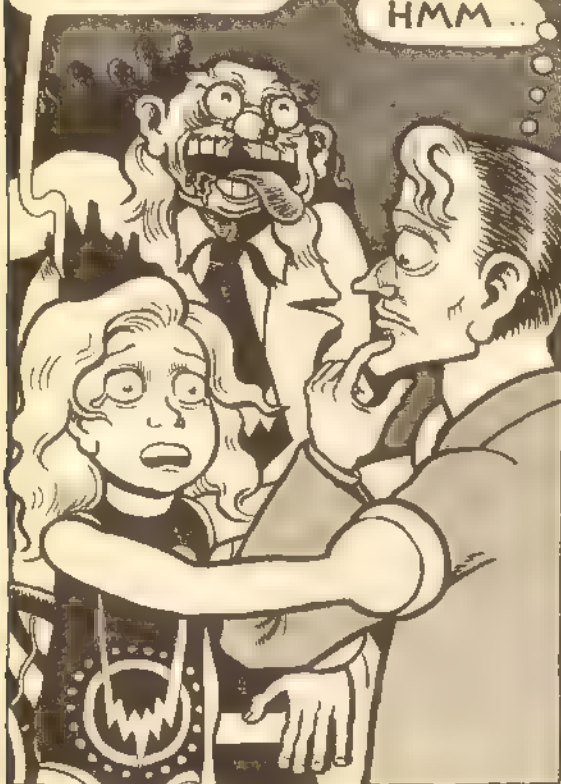






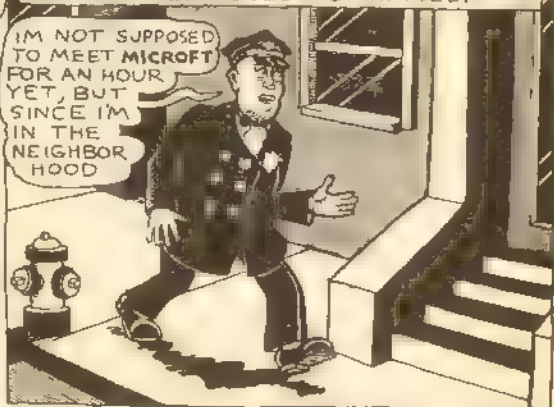
OH MILES, I COULDN'T LET HIM KILL YOU ANY MORE THAN I COULD MYSELF A MOMENT AGO!

HMM...



AT 8 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING, CHIEF NETTLEMAN MUSES TO HIMSELF

IM NOT SUPPOSED TO MEET MICROFT FOR AN HOUR YET, BUT SINCE IM IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

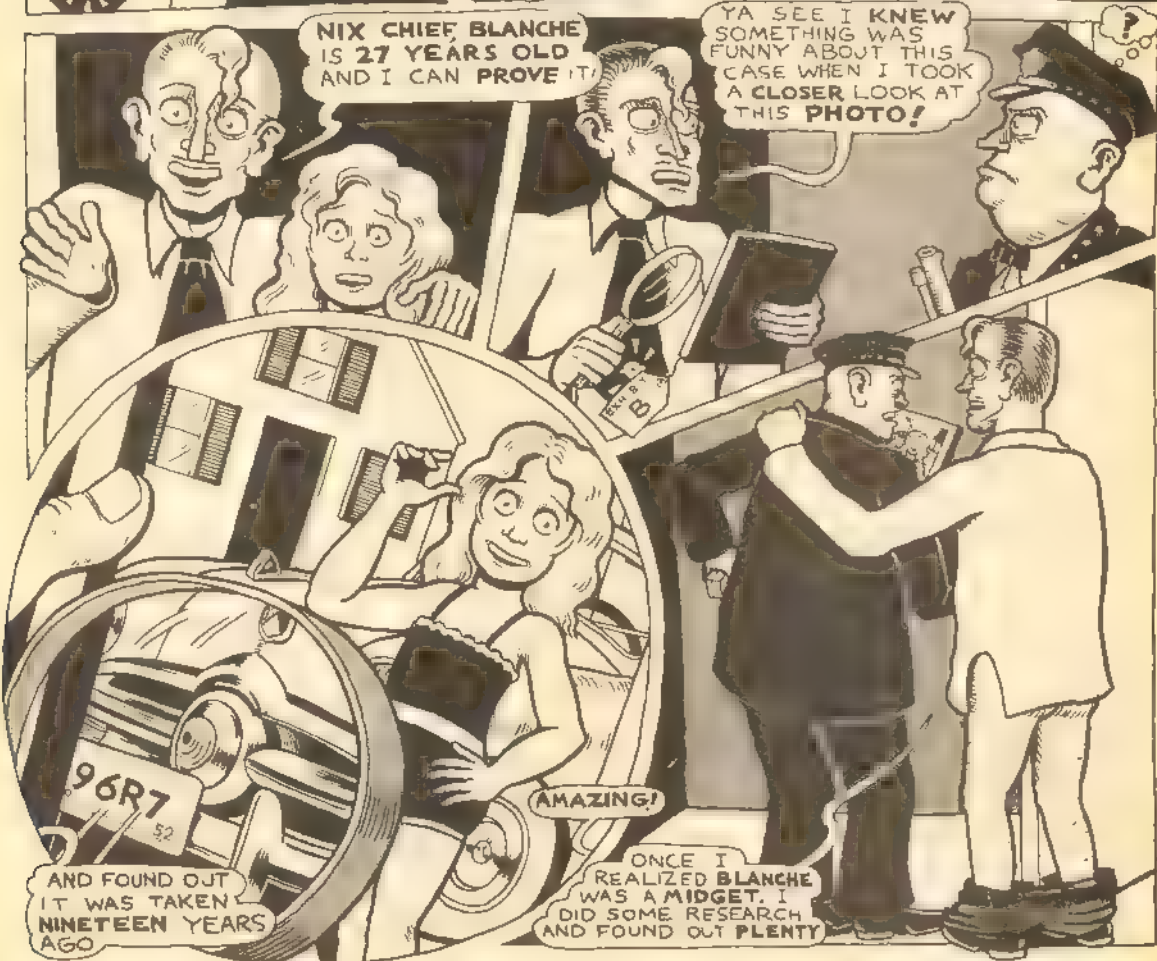
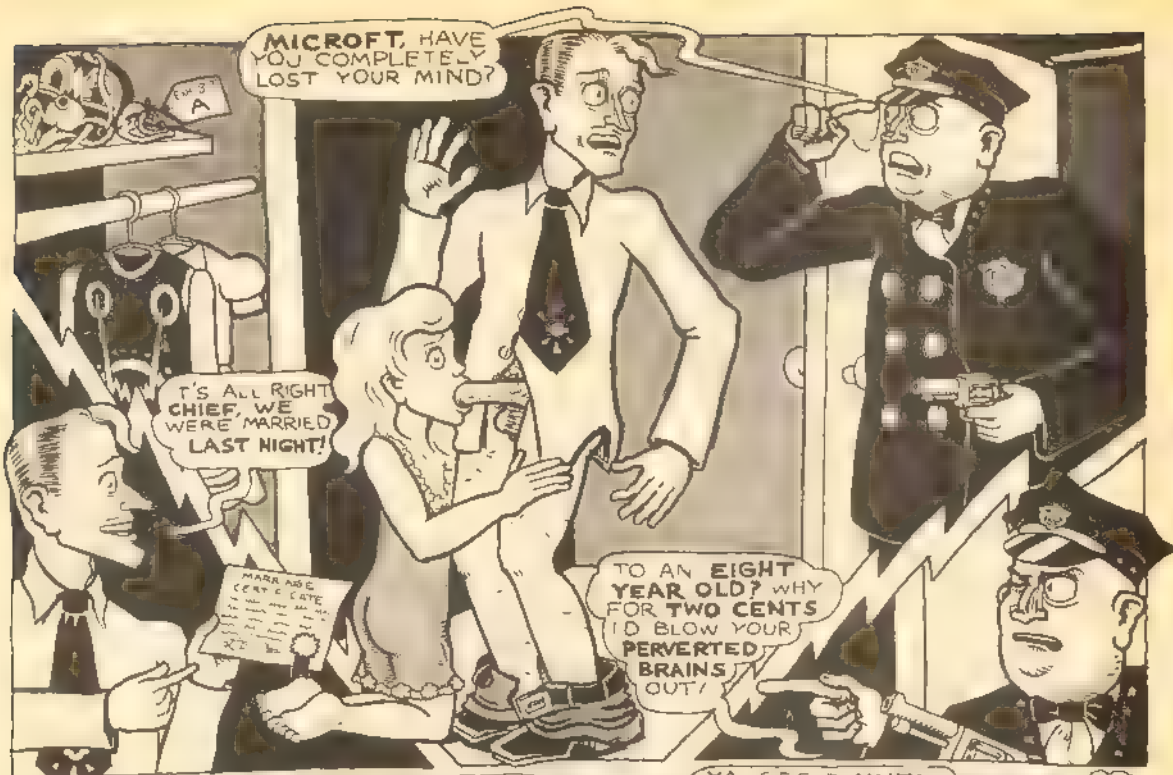


MICROFT'S ME CH..



MOTHER O'GAWD!





RUDOLF ECKMEISTER

BLANCHE WAS BORN OF CARNIVAL FOLK ON MARCH 11, 1944

The PSYCH WONG

HER MOTHER DIED IN CHILD BIRTH, BUT BLANCHE SOON TOOK HER PLACE WHILE VON ECKMEISTER DID HIS ROUTINE

BLANCHE WORKED THE CROWD

BY THE TIME SHE WAS 17, IT WAS CLEAR SHE WOULD GROW NO MORE, SO THEY QUIT THE CARNIVAL

AND DEvised A BUNKO ROUTINE AROUND THIS FACT

LISTEN MR. IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK SHE'S JUST WANDERED IN HERE WASN'T THAT'S CAN'T WE TALK TH'S OVER

SO!

DADDY HELP

WHICH PROVED TO BE QUITE LUCRATIVE

SWINE!

AFTER ABOUT TEN YEARS, FOR VARIOUS REASONS, INCLUDING GETTING BOTH OF HIS LEGS BROKEN BY A PRIVATE DETECTIVE IN ATLANTIC CITY, VON ECKMEISTER CAME UP WITH THE CURRENT SCHEME

WITH THE MONEY HE GOT FROM FARNSWORTH, HE PLANNED TO RAISE A MIGHTY MIDGET ARMY, IN AN ATTEMPT TO BRING CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT, TO ITS KNEES

THERE'S NO TELLING HOW FAR IT MIGHT HAVE GONE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE? SHE'S AN ACCOMPLICE!

WE CAN'T LET HER GO UNPUNISHED!

I WOULD RUN HER FOR LIFE!

DON'T WORRY CHIEF

I TOOK A FIRM HAND IN THE MATTER BEFORE YOU ARRIVED

AND HOW!

ALL RIGHT MICROFT CHUCKLE YOU WIN

ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL, AND OUR NEWLYWEDS
ARE SOON HONEYMOON BOUND



WELL NOW
FARNSWORTH, DON'T
BE FORGETT'NG
CHIEF NETTLEMAN.
HE FIRST BROUGHT
YOUR CASE TO
MY ATTENTION!

YOU TWO COME BACK
AND SEE US AGAIN?
Y'HEAR?



C MON SWEET MEAT
LET'S ME N'YOU
HIT THAT LOWER
BERTH, WE'VE JUST
ENOUGH TIME FOR A
QUICKIE BEFORE
LUNCH

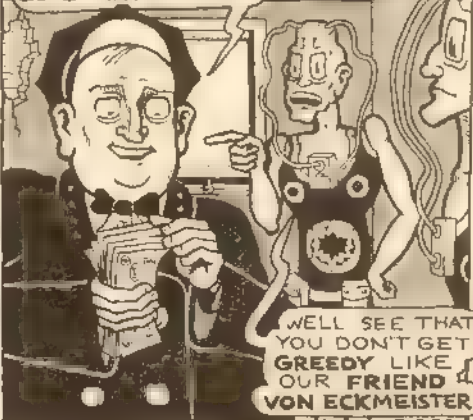


HALF AN HOUR LATER,
IN A DESERTED WARE
HOUSE

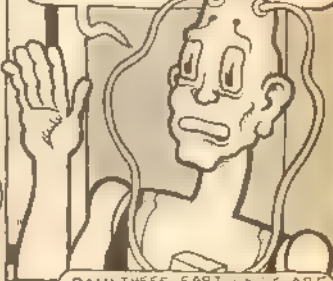
.... EIGHT HUNDRED,
NINE HUNDRED,
ONE THOUSAND
DOLLARS... AND
THANKS AGAIN
NETTLEMAN



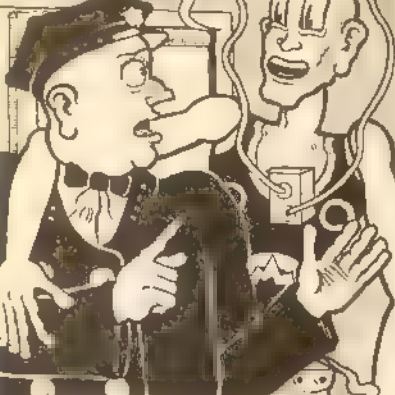
DON'T THANK ME, I'M
YOUR FRIEND! YOU
BOYS KNOW THAT!



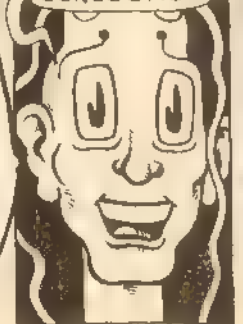
HIS ATTEMPT TO USE
THE INFORMATION WE
ENTRUSTED HIM WITH FOR
HIS OWN SELFISH GAIN,
IN A PETTY CONFIDENCE
GAME, WAS A CLASSIC
EXAMPLE OF POOR
HUMANOID JUDGEMENT



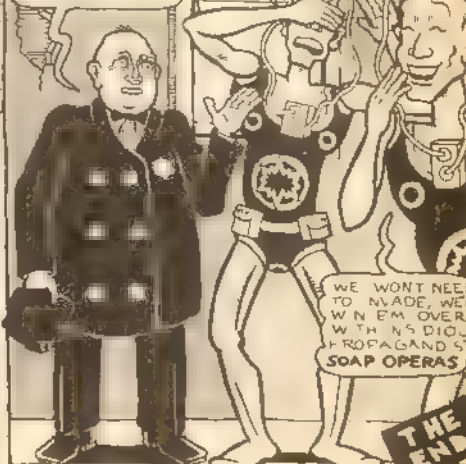
YOU SEE NETTLEMAN,
HE MISTOOK OUR
GENTLENESS FOR
WEAKNESS



IT WASN'T NECESSARY
VON ECKMEISTERS
WARPED EGO WAS
SUCH THAT HE NEVER
CONFIDED OUR ACTUAL
EXISTENCE TO HER,
PREFERRING TO LET
HER THINK THAT ALL
HE TAUGHT HER ABOUT
US WAS HIS OWN
CONCOCTION

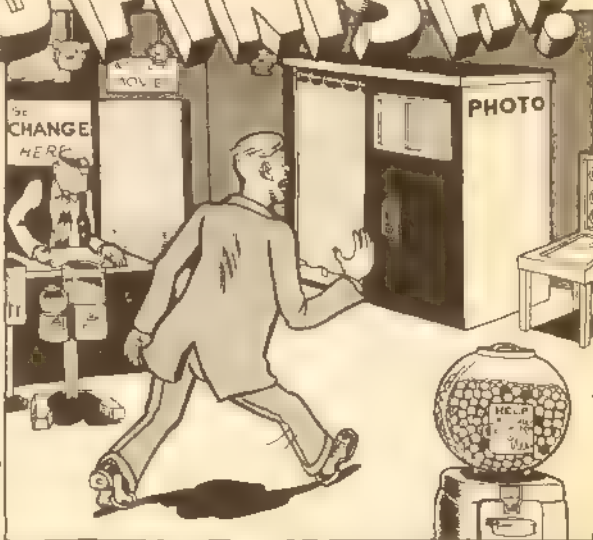


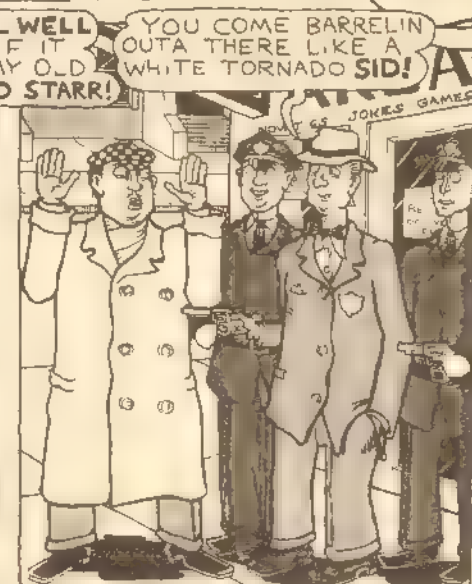
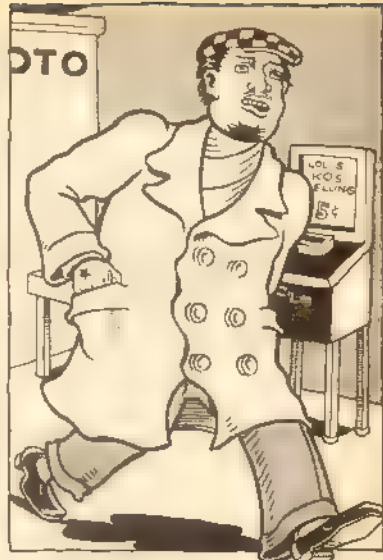
WELL I'M GLAD
OF THAT SHE'S
A SWEET KID!



THE
END

The PHOTO FINISH!





A MINUTE TICKS BY.

IT'S FREDDY
FEELY WITH
TWO SLUGS
N HIM! FRISK
HIM BOYS!

THEN ANOTHER

HEY SARGE! THERES
NOTHIN ON H.M!
NOT EVEN
A CAP GUN!

HUH?

YOU
GOT NO
CASE
SMART
GUY!

HE'S RIGHT BOYS,
LET HIM GO

HUH? HEY!
HOLD TH'PHONE!

SARGE! SAY
TANT SO!

THUNK!

GRAB HIM
BOYS!

FREDDY FEELY ALWAYS WAS MY BEST
STOOPLY! HE JUST FINGERED HIS OWN
KILLER!

WELL WHAT DO YA KNOW THERE
IS A GANTY... ?

HEY! WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA!

PHOTO!



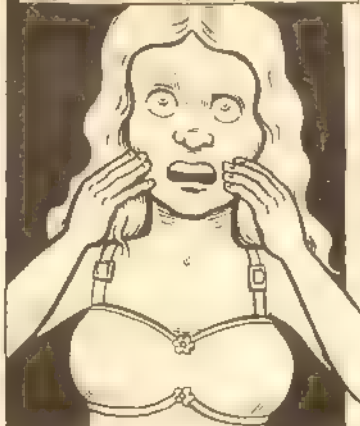
THAT STAR TATOO ON YOUR RIGHT HAND IS **POSITIVE** IDENTIFICATION, IT'S MURDER ONE **SID**. YOU'RE AS GOOD AS **DEAD!**

HOT DAMN! I HOPE THEY HANG H M ON MY DAY OFF!

CANDY KRENSHAW GETS READY
FOR A DATE WITH HER BOY FR END



FIRST SHE APPLIES A BASE
OF WHITE MAKE-UP, (ITS VERY
IN THIS SEASON)



THEN THE EYEBROWS, LIPS,
CHEEKS, NOSE, AND FINALLY,



HER BRAND NEW WIG!



GOING TO A MASQUERADE YOU SAY?
WE'LL NOT QUITE. YOU SEE CANDY'S A MEM-
BER OF THAT EVER GROWING CORPS OF
CUT UPS THAT COMPRIZE THE.....

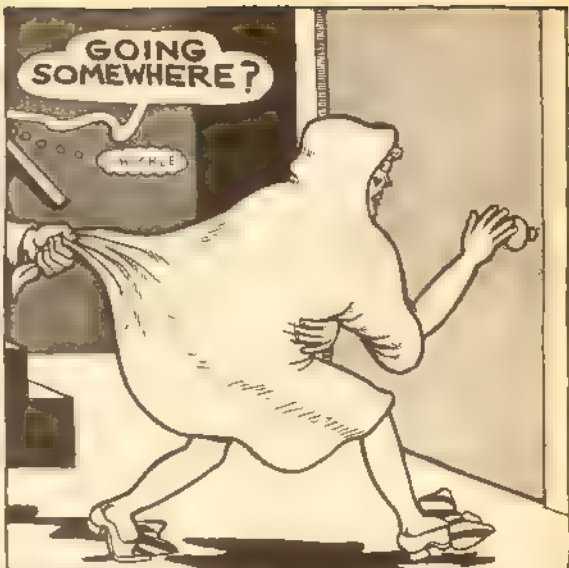
CULT OF THE

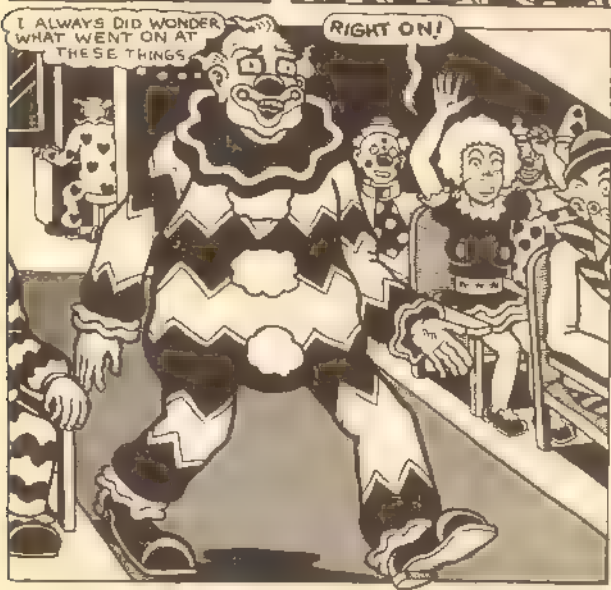
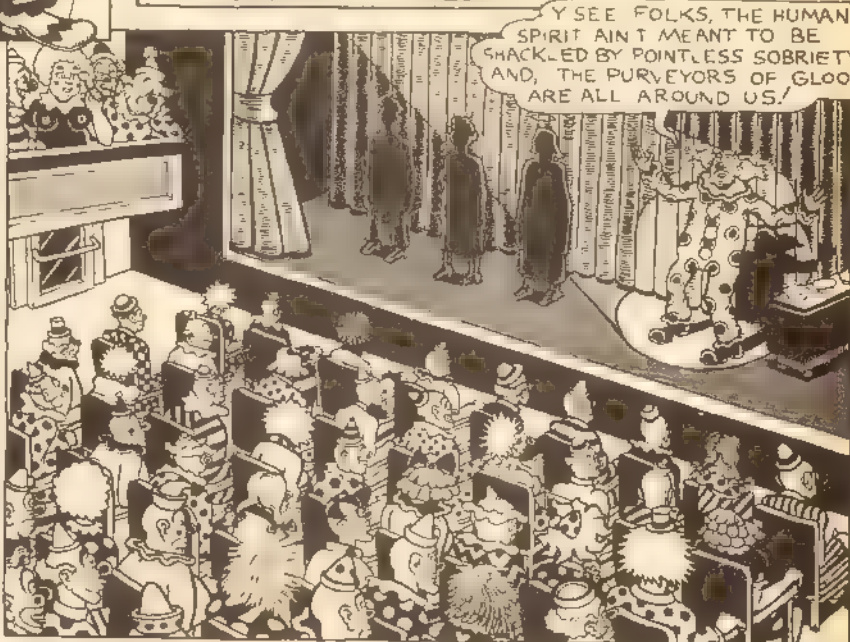


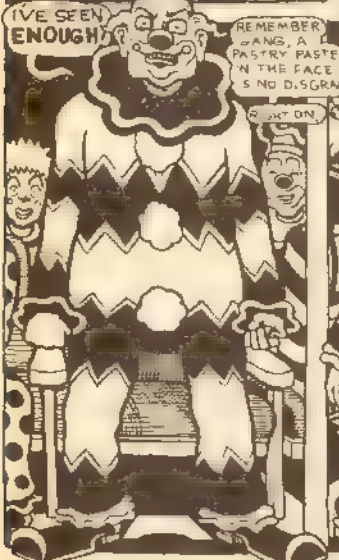
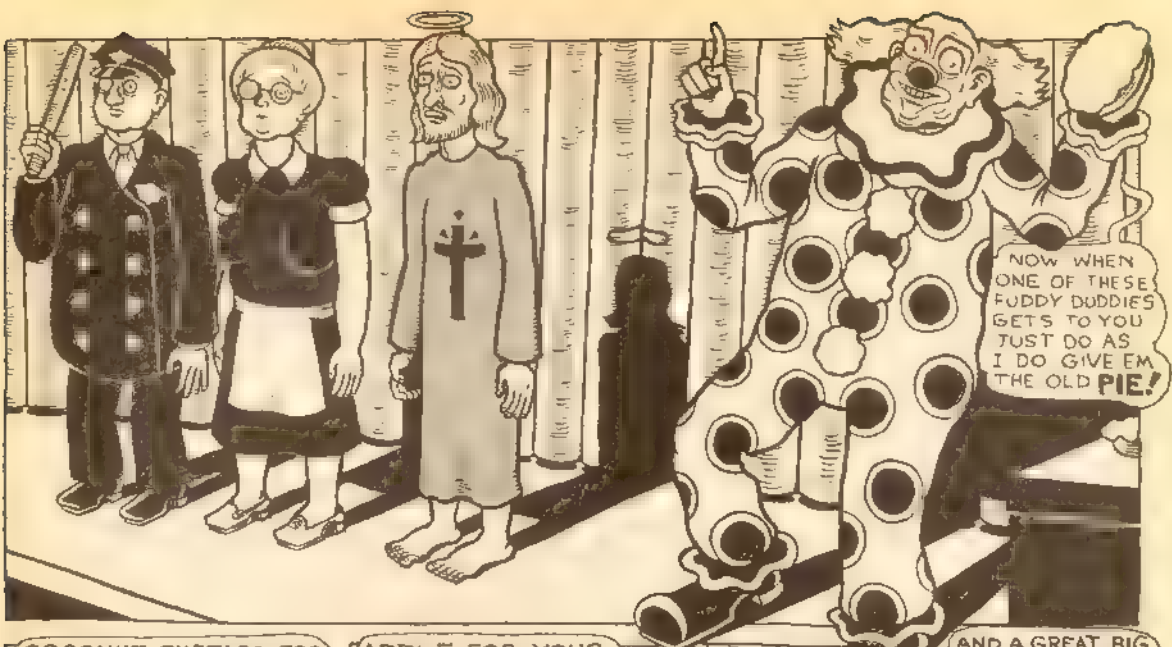
IF YOU THINK
YOU'RE GONNA
GET AWAY WITH
THIS, YOU'RE
CRAZY!

CALL ME THAT
AGAIN, AND I SWEAR TO
GOD I'LL BLOW YOUR
BRAINS OUT!

OUR STORY OPENS ON
AN OMINOUS NOTE AS A
SHROUDED FIGURE SKULKS
PAST **GEORGE KRENSHAW**





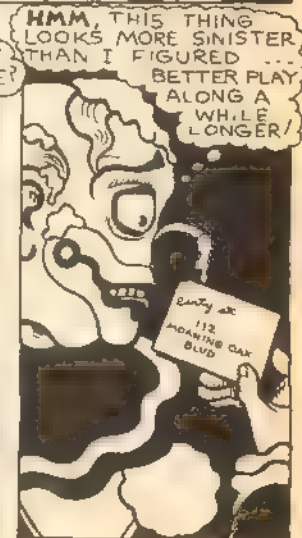


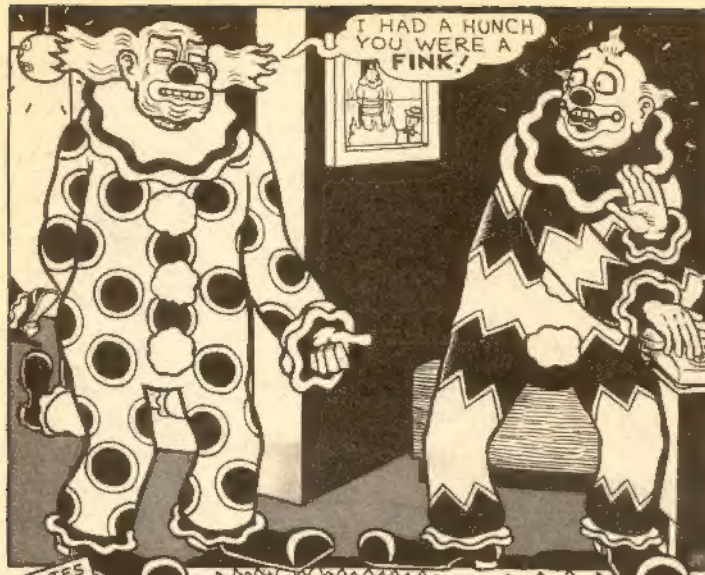


... F X THAT
GOON BUFOON!



LOOK SPORT, THERES A
TIME AND PLACE FOR
EVERYTHING.



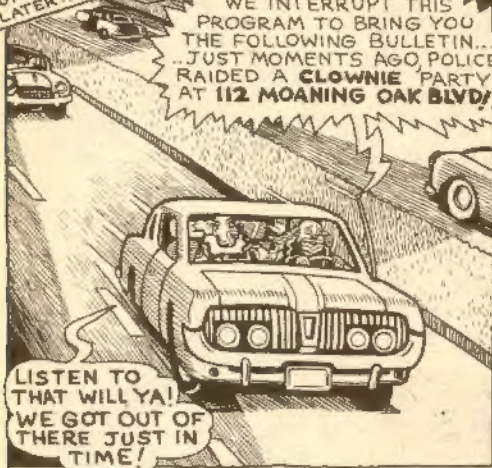


I HAD A HUNCH
YOU WERE A
FINK!



C'MON PAL, ME'N YOU ARE
LAMMIN OUTA HERE BEFORE
THOSE **PIGS** SHOW UP!

10 MINUTES
LATER....



LISTEN TO
THAT WILL YA!
WE GOT OUT OF
THERE JUST IN
TIME!

WE INTERRUPT THIS
PROGRAM TO BRING YOU
THE FOLLOWING BULLETIN...
JUST MOMENTS AGO POLICE
RAIDED A CLOWNIE PARTY
AT 112 MOANING OAK BLVD.

ALTHOUGH THE AUTHORITIES
MADE 63 ARRESTS AND
SIEZED SIZABLE CACHES
OF DRUGS AND WEAPONRY,
BOZO, THE GROUPS RING
LEADER WAS NOWHERE
TO BE FOUND

...AND AS LONG AS
I'M FREE, OUR LITTLE
MOVEMENT WILL GROW
EVER POWERFUL!



AIN'T IT THE
TRUTH...THEY'LL
NEVER GET
ME!



...OUR PRANKS, **EVER
MORE MALEVOLENT!**

WE SHALL **PURGE**
THE WORLD OF
REPRESSIVE CAP-
-ITALIST GLOOM
WITH A **SMIRK**
AND A **SNICKER**.
FOR THE HUMAN
SPIRIT CAN BE
TRULY LIBERATED
ONLY WHEN THE
LAST PIG OPPRES-
SER IS BATHED
IN BLOOD!



SAY, YOU'RE NO ORDINARY
PERVERT YOU'RE A
COMMIE!

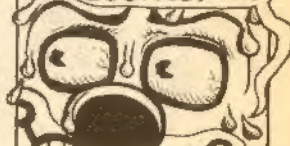
I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN

OH RILLY?
HOW VERY
QUAINT!

NEVER THE LESS, YOU
WILL HAVE TO BE
LIQUIDATED, FOR AS
MAO SAYS, "ONE
WEAK LINK CAN
TOPPLE EVEN THE
MOST **EFFICIENT** OF
INSURGENCIES...
SO SORRY



WELL MR. **BOZO**, OR
SHOULD I SAY **PINKO**,
MAYBE **MY GOOSE IS**
COOKED,



...BUT I'M
TAKIN YOU WITH
ME!
EEAAAA!



THE RIP CITY SENTINEL 173
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1973 16 PAGES

CLOWNIE LEADER AND LOCAL MAN KILLED IN AUTO WRECK!

BUSINESS MAN GEORGE
KRENSHAW, FOUND IN FULL
CLOWNIE REGALIA, EXPOSED
AS HIGH RANKING CLOWNIE CHIEF

GEORGE KRENSHAW IN A RECENT
PHOTO AND AS HE APPEARED IN THE
MORQUE, DEAD ON ARRIVAL.

KRENSHAW LED
DOUBLE LIFE
... (text continues in columns) ...

BOZO IN BETTER DAYS
CHECKERED CAREER

KRENSHAW'S
DAUGHTER
AMONG 62
CLOWNIES
ARRESTED AT
112 MORNING
OAK BLVD.

CHOU EN LA TO
BE FETED AT
OAK LUNCH

IMAGINE
THAT! DEATH
IS TOO GOOD
FOR HIS KIND!

LOCAL REACTION THE NEXT
MORNING IS QUITE PREDICTABLE

CAN YOU BEAT
THAT! GEORGE
KRENSHAW WAS
ONE OF EM!

SEZ HERE
HE DRAGGED
HIS KID INTO IT
TOO!

BUT, GEORGE
IS NOT BEING REVELED
IN ALL CORNERS.....
... DOWNTOWN AT THE
LOCAL LOCK-UP, A DIF-
FERENT SONG IS SUNG...

C'MON YOU GUYS!
LET'S LAUGH IT UP!
B-BOZO WOULD'VE
W'ANTED IT
THAT WAY!

SOB!
WHY DIDN'T
HE TELL ME?

DRY UP!

EASY HON...

YOUR POP WAS PROBABLY TRYING TO
LEAK IT TO YOU, LIKE THE WAY HE
LET YOU GO TO BOZO'S LECTURE WITH
OUT BLOWING HIS COVER IN FRONT OF
YOUR MA... YOU KNOW TRICKY LIKE

HEY! WHEN HE GRABBED
ME IN THE THEATRE/ I
BET HE WAS TRYING TO
TELL ME THEN/ OH IF
ONLY I'D KNOWN IT WAS
DADDY!

BRU-THER, YOU AINT KIDDIN'

TO THINK I ALMOST
CLOCKED HIM!

AND NOW IT'S TOO
LATE/ HE'S DEAD/
HE'S DEAD!

BOO HOO
HOO HOO
HOO!

DON'T CRY
HONEY, YOUR
PA'S A HERO!

OVER

KEEP YOUR

EYE ON THE PIE





Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX

Corn Fed Comics #1

Published Summer 1972

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Kim Deitch

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Comments: